...Our Boys and Girls...

EDITED BY AUNT BUSY.

This department is conducted solely in the interests of our girl and boy readers.
Aunt Busy is glad to hear any time from the nieces and nephews who read this page, and to give them all the advice and help in her power.
Write on one side of the paper only.
Do not have letters too long.
Original stories and verses will be gladly received and carefully edited.
The manuscripts of contributions not accepted will be returned.
Address all letters to Aunt Busy, Intermountain Catholic, Salt Lake City.

Pocatello, Ida., May 11, 1908.

Dear Aunt Busy—This is my first letter to you. I have a little May altar to our dear Holy Mother, and I attend my devotions every day and mass every morning. With best wishes to you, Aunt Busy, I am your loving niece,

FLORENCE LAMB,
422 North Hayes ave., Pocatello, Ida.

I am 9 years old.
I glad welcome, little niece from Pocatello. Yours certainly a dear, good little girl.

Diamondville, Wyo., May 9, 1908.

Dear Aunt Busy—As I wrote to you about a month ago and my name was in the paper, you told me to write again and you would send me a holy card, so I take the opportunity of writing, hoping to receive it. From your niece,

AGNES KAVANAGH.

Aunt Busy will send you a pretty rosary, too, dear, but not until the end of May.

Pocatello, Ida., May 11, 1908.

Dear Aunt Busy—This is my first letter to you. I am 10 years of age and I have always gone to the Sisters' school. The name of our school is St. Joseph's school. I have an altar for the Blessed Virgin Mary and if you will send me a white rosary I will say the beads during the month of May and I will also pray for you. I have not missed May devotions this month or mass. Your loving niece,

MARY LANTRY,
554 N. Hayes, Pocatello, Ida.

What a dear little girl you are, Mary! Aunt Busy certainly appreciates you promising to pray for her because she is sadly in need of prayers.

Marjorie's Victory.

"Uncle Howard," asked Marjorie, looking up from the book she was reading, "what is a coincidence?"

"Let me see," replied Uncle Howard, trying to think how to make a simple definition. "When two things happen at the same time that have nothing to do with each other, but seem to have a great deal to do with each other, we call it a coincidence."

Seeing that Marjorie still looked puzzled, he started to explain further, when a telephone message called him away. As he took down his hat in the hall, however, he paused long enough to say, "I'll look out for a first rate coincidence to show you, Marjorie, and then you'll understand better."

The next day happened to be Friday, and because there was no one to drive Marjorie to school and because she was not able to walk so far she was obliged to remain at home.

Mamma and Uncle Howard were very sorry, and they all thought of the two shining gold pieces in Marjorie's bank that meant two whole years without an absence and of the third that was to have joined them so soon, for Great Aunt Morton, who lived in the big house on the hill, had laughingly told Marjorie the very first day she went to school that she should have a $5 gold piece at the end of each year that she was neither absent nor tardy.

But the gold piece was as nothing compared with the broken record, and Marjorie sobbed for a few minutes; then, like the brave little girl that she was she dried her tears, got out her paint box and began coloring up some sunbonnet babies for the other children.

When she went to school on Monday morning everybody was talking about the fire that had occurred the day before, and, to her relief, nobody said anything to her about her absence. She said to herself that she just could not have stood it if anybody had.

Two weeks later the monthly report cards were given out. Marjorie received hers with a sad heart as she thought of the broken record.

But as she glanced over the card something within her gave a great leap. Could she believe her own eyes? There were no marks in the absence column! The teacher must have made a mistake.

Mamma and Uncle Howard looked the card over and said they were glad Marjorie had gone from "G" to "G plus" in her reading, but neither of them thought of the omission.

Then came a great temptation to Marjorie. If she should say nothing about the mistake the record would remain as it was, and the teacher and pupils would forget by next year and Great Aunt Morton need never know. So the report card was returned to the teacher without anything being said.

All the next week Marjorie struggled with the temptation. She seemed unlike herself.

Friday came again, the last day of school. Marjorie could stand it no longer. Summoning all her courage, she came back into the schoolroom at recess after the others were all out and sobbed out her story to her teacher.

"So you thought I made a mistake, did you?" mused the teacher. "I'm so glad you told me, because I can assure you that you are the one who has made a mistake. That day was a very cold one, you remember, and something broke about the furnace early in the morning, so we couldn't have school that day. We sent word to all whom we could reach easily and dismissed the others as soon as they came. You live so far away we could not notify you. I'm sorry this has troubled you so much. You should have told your mother or me sooner."

Marjorie ran around tto Great Aunt Morton's after school with her report card and then fairly flew home to tell her story to mamma and Uncle Howard.

"That's what I call the happiest kind of a coincidence," said Uncle Howard as he heard the $5 gold piece rattle down with its mates. "Now you know the meaning of the word."

"I call it a great victory," said mamma, thinking of something quite different. But Marjorie understood both.

Tom the Newsboy.

Tom was in despair. For two days he had been trying to set himself up in business as a newsboy and bootblack, but the big boys cuffed him, and the people wouldn't pay attention to his cries. At last the poor little fellow—he was only eight years old—crept sobbingly into the railway station, out of sight of his tormentors.

The girl who worked at the station went to comfort him. "What is the matter?" she asked.

"I can't sell a paper," whimpered Tom, "and I can't get a shine."

"Well, maybe it's because you are hungry, and don't look good natured. Come and get something to eat."

Tom was hungry—he had had no breakfast—and the lunch from a box which a traveler had left did make him feel better natured. When he was finished he was ready to answer questions—his father was dead; his mother was sick and poor; he must earn his own and his mother's living.

"But I can't earn nothing," he said again. "The boys chase me off, and the people won't buy."

"What do you say when you ask for a shine?"

"Have a shine?" The voice was a disagreeable whine.

"But you must be cheerful and polite if you want to succeed. You must say, 'Please, sir, have a shine? Only five cents!'" The girl's voice was animated and her face beamed.

Little Tom caught the enthusiasm and a smile broke through the tears.

They started out to find a customer.

"There's a man who needs a shine!" the girl said.

Tom ran with all his might. "Please, sir, have a shine?" he shouted; "only five cents."

The man looked into the boy's expectant face, and put out a soiled boot. Tom fell to work, pausing only to give the girl an occasional exultant glance. When he had finished he showed her six cents the man had paid him.

"Did you offer the gentleman a paper for the extra cent?" she asked.

This was a new idea and the boy darted away again. The man bought a paper and gave Tom another cent.

"I must go now and take the money home to my mother," he exclaimed.

The girl gave him the rest of the box of lunch and watched him trudge away in high spirits.

But there was a storm brewing among the older boys. Business was none too brisk, and the smaller boy was likely to damage their trade. Tom would fare worse than ever at their hands when he returned flushed with his success. So the girl told them Tom's story. "And boys," she finished, "you don't know how hungry he was this morning. And he was crying when I found him."

"We'll give him a fair show," they promised heartily.

And little Tom has gone bravely on with his own business, and has never been molested since.

A Chat With the Girls.

The girl who puts all her money for her winter outfit into an elaborate hat, or an expensive muff, makes a great mistake. For the coat which might look very well with a plain hat is given a more shabby appearance by the rich velvet and plumes so near it. And a pair of shabby gloves never look worse than when they emerge from the recesses of a new muff. The girl who cannot afford to have a new outfit every season must study the question of harmony very carefully. If last year's coat is to do duty, freshen it up with new linings, clean it carefully, work the buttonholes over, if necessary, and make it look as well as possible. It is better to buy a cheap hat and have your shoes and gloves new than to put all your money into your head covering and economze on that which covers your hands and feet. If new dresses do not come very often, do not buy too light shades. They are remembered more easily and give less satisfaction. Moreover, the serviceable dark plaid looks much better with a coat that is getting shabby on the seams than does a delicate blue or rose color. In buying one article of wearing apparel, take into account the other things with which it will be worn, and whether or not it will harmonize with them. No girl is well dressed whose various articles of apparel do not fit together so as to make a harmonious whole.

PARLOR PHILANTHROPISTS.

There are "parlor philanthropists" as well as "parlor socialists," through Archbishop Glennon's denunciation of them in his Chicago address, although he does not give them that name. The archbishops says: "For those whose lives are in the shadows, who possess nothing, in some instances not even hope, the laws that are written and the principles that are offered will not be sufficient to satisfy them. If the charity committees meet in upholstered club rooms to discuss the sorrows of the poor, the poor will answer to the club room apostle that it is a home they want and not the patronage of those who rejoice in the luxury of their meeting house." Charity "faddists" from the ranks of society, the professional philanthropist claiming notoriety as his fee and hired charity officials who make sorrows and tears a part of their business life, got a scolding from the churchman, which was in no way softened by qualifications. The problem of the poor seems eternal, as eternal as the problem of the rich with their foolishness of extravagance, their costly fads and follies, their selfish divorces, their childish chase of pleasure. But the poor have as many weaknesses as the rich. They are all human beings together, except that too much money brings out more clearly the want of good sense, which is our common inheritance. Nobody has enough of it. The supply of good sense per capita has always been far below a most necessitous demand for it. The poor have no more of it than the rich, and if they could get possession of wealth would be no wiser. Parlor philanthropists with the most unselfish intentions can not confer what is most needed. What can they do for the distressed woman who, given money to buy coal, spends it for a fascinator trimmed in silver beads? Nobody can be profoundly unhappy or desperately poor who has good sense. It is the talisman that commands comfort and content. But how to get it? Most vexing and elusive is its pursuit, and until it is more generally conferred on the human race the only modus vivendi appears to be that those who possess it shall be constituted the guardians of the unfortunate who have it not. They are now, for that matter, but of an unbenevolent nature, reminding one of the familiar response of the prosperous and thrifty church member, who said: "Am I my brother's keeper? Surely I am, and I intend to be mighty well paid for doing it." Until these efficient and capable keepers of their brethren cease to demand such enormous rewards as they do, we shall probably move on as we are. Perhaps the parlor philanthropist can call down divine grace to broaden the hearts of those who are gifted with the shrewder, at any rate, the more fortunate, judgment.

The perception of the comic is a tie of sympathy with other men, a pledge of sanity, and a protection from those perverse tendencies and gloomy insanities in which fine intellects sometimes lose themselves. We may rest assured that a rogue alive to the ridiculous is still convertible. If that sense is lost, his fellow men can do little for him.

Simply doing the same things, in the same way, over and over again, for one year or for fifty, does not give any experience worth haing, still less worth perpetuating, but doing them better and better each time, by putting thought and effort into them, gives an accumulated experience that is the best legacy.

A WONDERFUL CRUCIFIX.

(Continued from page 1.)

"Then you must have met in the waning years of His mortal life Him whom men style Christ?"

"I followed Him about for three years, and for the defeats He inflicted on my friends and for the insults He offered to me I gave Him blow for blow."

"Were you present when He hung on the Cross of Calvary, between a murderer and a thief, and did you witness his awful agony and ignominious death?"

"I was, of all the crowd that mocked Him and laughed at Him when He hung on the wood, the most pleased witness. Why, I inspired the fools who nailed Him to the wood. It was I who tempted Judas, the Iscariot, to betray Him; I inspired the Hebrew priests to insult Him, another to spit upon Him, and my friend Pilate, who now occupies a conspicuous place in my kingdom, to scourge Him, and fling Him to the mob. Why, only for me, the fools would not have whipped Him, pressed the crown on His head, put a reed in His hand for a sceptre and a scarlet cloak on his bleeding shoulders and, amid laughter and insult, made a mock king of Him."

"You remember His features, the expression on His Face when He hung on the cross and cried aloud to His Father: 'My God, My God, hast Thou abandoned me?'" questioned the Spaniard.

"As if His vile death happened yesterday."

"Could you and will you paint for me the face, and the expression on the face, as you saw them immediately before He said: 'All is consummated,' and when darkness was falling on Calvary and Jerusalem?"

"I can and will."

"Well, then, do I beseech you, before I sign our compact. Here is the brush and here the palette."

Lucifer took the brush and paints, and when in a few moments he handed them back the face of Jesus Christ stood out upon an ebony background. It was a face full of tenderness, of infinite pathos, of unspeakable pity, of boundless compassion; but on it, deeply graven in the flesh, were lines of awful suffering, the seamings of sorrow and sustained agony. The Spaniard, as he gazed upon the "Santo Rostro," the Divine Face, trembled as trembles the man to whom the dead speaks. The eyes of the Holy Face looked into his own; he was standing before a Christ that was not yet dead, but whose body lay limp, and from which the blood was pouring from a gash in the side and trickling from wound in the head and hands. From out the closing lids, the eyes, glazed with approaching death, looked down upon him in sorrow and infinite pity. The face and figure were so heart-rending in their terrible realism, the look of the agonized Crucified so appealing and so full of love that tears of sympathy welled from the eyes of the libertine. Then before, and hiding the face of the Christ, he saw the face of his mother, and the eyes that looked their last upon him when she lay upon her bed of death in their home in Madrid. Rushing past his tempter, the young Castilian flung himself at the feet of the Christ and cried aloud: "Jesus, son of David, have mercy on me." When, sobbing and broken-hearted, he rose erect he was alone with the dead Christ and the unsigned compact.

JULIAN GARCE'S COPY.

In Garces' painting on glass, the dying Christ stands out in full relief with no perspective. Behind the cross all is darkness save alone a thread of lightning, snake-like and forked. Over Calvary the sky is lurid and of a dull red, whose fiery hue in portentous, lugubrious and awe-inspiring. The body of the dying Savior, the little board above the cross, with its prophetic inscription: "Jesus of Nazareth, King of the Jews;" parts of the foot and the arms of the cross which the Divine Body did not cover, alone occupy space. Beyond and around them nothing, only the blackness of ebon darkness. Save the ribbon of snake-like lightning coming out of and piercing the impenetrable darkness, there is nothing; not a ray of light anywhere, no mark of a horizon, naught but the body of the Man-God, the gibbet and—night, moonless and starless. But the isolation of the Figure on the lone Cross, the pitiable solitude encompassing the Crucified, the blood oozing from the frayed wound and trickling down the pallid flesh, and the Divine Face from which expression, animation and life itself are lingeringly departing, appeal to the heart and the imagination, and we are overwhelmed with pity and sympathy.

If we are familiar with the Holy Scriptures we hear the pathetic cry of Isais: "There is no beauty in Him now, nor comeliness . . despised. . . . a man of sorrows, . . . His look was as it were hidden from us.

"He was led as a sheep to the slaughter and He did not open His mouth."

"I have given my body to the scourgers, and my cheeks to the strikers; I have not turned away my face from them that rebuked me, and spat upon me." We call up the prophetic words of the inspired writer of the Psalms.

"I am poured out like water: they have dug my hands and feet."

"They gave me gall for my food, and in my thirst they gave me vinegar to drink: My God, My God, hast thou forsaken me?" We listen to Jeremias speaking with the voice of the Victim of Divine Love sacrificed before our very eyes: "My tabernacle is laid waste, all my cords are broken: my children have abandoned me, and they are not: there is none to stretch forth my tent any more: I am left alone."

While we stand with eyes fastened on the solitary and bleeding Figure, we see Him die. He is dead! From His hands, from His head fallen away from the dead muscles and resting on the naked breast, from the gaping wound made by the soldier's lance, the blood no longer flows. The body is bloodless, but between the muscles, through the delicate and transparent skin, one may count the bones of the crucified, one might number the pulsations of the heart before it ceased to beat.

Oswald Crawford

Mexico City.